

Social and Personal

MISS ELSIE WELFORD, of "Sable Hill," Richmond, county, who spent several weeks in this city recently as the guest of Mrs. William Northrop, is now visiting friends in Baltimore for the month of March. Miss Welford also visited Miss Mildred Foster at her home in Alexandria previous to leaving for Baltimore, and was guest at several functions given in her honor during her visit to the city.

At the University. Miss Lucy Dunnington, of Farmville, Va., who has been the housewife of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Wing in the city for the past week, left Tuesday morning for the University of Virginia, where she will visit in the home of Professor Dunnington. Miss Dunnington will remain at the university for several weeks before returning to her home in Farmville.

Approaching Weddings. The marriage of Miss Rebecca Northing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Levinger, to William Winchester White, son of the late Charles Ridgely White and Mrs. White, of Baltimore, will take place on Tuesday, April 18, at 6 o'clock, in the home of the bride's parents in Baltimore.

Hamilton Fairfax, of New York, has announced the engagement of his daughter, Katherine Van Rensselaer, to H. Schuyler Cannam, also of New York. The wedding will take place at Easter in Grace Church, New York. The announcement is of much interest to Virginia society, the bride-elect being widely related in this State. Miss Fairfax is a niece of Henry Fairfax, of Hill, Loudoun county, Va.

Pinaflore Refused. The Pinaflore rehearsal scheduled for this evening has been postponed until tomorrow evening owing to the inclemency of the weather. All taking part are asked to attend promptly.

Tea Room Hostesses. The hostesses at the tea room in the Palm garden of the Jefferson Hotel for this afternoon will be Mrs. John Hayes, Mrs. William Rutherford and Mrs. Goldwin Boykin.

Violin Recital. A very attractive program has been arranged for Saturday afternoon at the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium, when the members of the violin classes of the Henric High School of Music will give a recital. The children range in age from five to twelve years, and the afternoon promises to be a very pleasant one to those interested in children's work.

Members of the class are as follows: Class No. 1—Mary Luckard, Elizabeth Patterson, Francis August, Benjamin Lee, William Wright, Helene Luce, Elizabeth Wood, Grace Christian, William Wood, Edward Whitehead, David Constine and Jack Taylor.

Bridge Party at Jefferson Club. The bridge parties that are held every week on Thursday afternoon at the Jefferson Club have been among

Dunlop Flour Used for Generations The Dunlop Mills, Richmond, Va.

J. B. Mosby & Co. Opening display of New Spring Millinery.

The Best in FURNITURE Always Sydner & Hundley, Inc.

Tyler Boys' \$6.00 Reefers, \$3.29

M. Goldstein LADIES' TAILOR AND SUIT MANUFACTURER, S. W. Corner Seventh and Franklin Streets, Opp. P. O. Madison 5175. Monroe 1035

Hammond Florist 100 EAST BROAD ST.

Noheimers \$1.89 FOR \$3.50 SOLID OAK ROCKER. Well made and finely finished; saddle seat; extraordinary value at \$1.89 Hopkins Furniture Co. 7 and 9 W. Broad Street.

Our Bread has a homelike flavor. Best ingredients, improved facilities expert bakers are the "reasons why." BROMM 516 East Marshall Street, 501 West Broad Street

"Stop Cooking the Cook." Buy "Direct Action" Gas Ranges. Best in the world at any price. RYAN, SMITH & COMPANY

Sale of Cuff Pins Many beautiful designs in Gold-Plated Cuff Pins. This special constitutes all of our 25c stock. Special while they last 10c Kaufmann & Co.

the handsomest affairs of the winter. It was the bridge party which took place on Friday afternoon instead of this afternoon. The game begins promptly at 3:20 o'clock.

At Virginia Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Christian, of 215 South Third Street, are spending some time at Pine Top Lodge, Virginia Beach. Among other guests at Pine Top Lodge is Miss Elizabeth Fisher, also of Richmond. Miss Fisher will return to the city the latter part of the week.

Washington Wedding. Invitations were sent out yesterday by the German ambassador and Countess Von Bernstorff, of Washington, D. C., for the marriage ceremony and reception of their daughter, Countess Alexandra, to Count Raymond Pourtales, of the German embassy staff.

The bride, who is one of the greatest favorites Washington society has known, has selected as bridesmaids Miss Alys Meyer, daughter of the secretary of the Navy, Miss Elsie Aldrich, daughter of Senator Aldrich, Miss Mary Southernland, daughter of Rear-Admiral Southernland, and Miss Cecilia May, whose own engagement to Robert Bacon was announced a week ago.

Count Pourtales and his bride will sail for Germany March 30. Admiral Webster to Lecture. Admiral Webster gives an illustrated lecture this evening at 8:15 o'clock in the lecture room of the Seventh Street Christian Church. Admiral Webster's subject will be "China—Its Customs and Customs."

In and Out of Town. Miss Mable Hirsberg, of Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Edna Heller, of 1828 West Grace Street. Mrs. M. R. Gilbert, of New York, is spending some time in this city as the guest of relatives.

Mrs. I. N. Jones is visiting her father, Dr. Turner, at his home at Lanexa, Va. Miss Burford, Miss Charlotte and Miss Frances Bemis have returned to Richmond, after spending several days at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. John Skelton Williams, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Tunnah Haylor, in Baltimore, has returned to the city.

Bishop Robert A. Gibson, who has been visiting relatives in Staunton for a few days, has returned to Richmond.

Miss Katherine Robinson, of this city, is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Coghill, in Fredericksburg.

James Tucker, of California, is spending several weeks with his nephews, R. A. Tucker, at 205 East Franklin Street.

Miss Louie Taylor, who has been a guest of relatives in Richmond, has returned to her home in Westmoreland county.

Miss Emma Salley, who has been at the Johnston Hospital for treatment, has returned to Newport News.

Mrs. Frank Dabney, of Caroline county, arrived in Richmond Monday to spend some time with relatives.

Mrs. Hannah Straus, who has been visiting in the North for the past winter, has returned to the city.

Miss Aline Baker, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to her home in Norfolk county.

Miss Rosalie Milnes, who has been visiting in Norfolk, spent the past week-end as the guest of Mrs. Paid, at Virginia Beach.

Miss Virginia Tyler, of this city, is visiting Miss Mattie Young for several weeks in Fredericksburg.

Mrs. M. L. Anderson has returned to Richmond, after spending several days with friends in Roanoke.

Miss Anne Strubling, who is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Wainwright in Norfolk, will arrive in Richmond to-day to visit friends.

Misses Augustine Allen and Mary Blythe, have returned to Virginia Beach, after visiting the Misses Harward, in this city.

Miss Elizabeth Walker, who has been visiting at Roxbury, Va., has returned to the city.

BOYS FIND MISSING TRIO BY EXPLORING DEEP CAVE (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Harrisonburg, Va., March 8.—From the little village of Quicksburg, Shenandoah county, comes an unusual story. A day or two ago Mr. and Mrs. James Silvis and Dick Pawley, tenants on the A. C. Neff farm, mysteriously disappeared. Twenty-four hours later, Emmett Tucker, Charles Emswiler and Len Williams, taking a cue from a missing lantern, went into a big cave in the neighborhood, in search of the party. Far into the cave the three people were found—cold, hungry and in utter despair.

They told their story. They said that their lantern had gone out and they had lost their way, and, becoming exhausted, had sat down to await their fate. The three boys led them back to open daylight and safety. The cave is just across the valley from the famous Luray Caverns, and is one of the numerous small caves in this section of the State. The only access to this is by means of a rope ladder. It was the most recent accident that the boys decided to make a search in the cave for the missing people.

Injuries Prove Fatal. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Lexington, Va., March 8.—Robert Boyer, aged thirty-eight years, a saw-mill owner and operator, was found dying near his plant yesterday at Natural Bridge. He fell against the carriage and injured his head, and when found was unconscious. He died before medical aid could arrive. It was a native of South Buffalo, Rockbridge.

FINAL SESSION OF LEGISLATURE

Speaker Dowd Expresses Himself as Well Pleased With Its Work. CHANGE IN MACHINERY ACT Charters by State—Wake County to Have Agricultural Instructor.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Raleigh, N. C., March 8.—It was 2:30 o'clock this afternoon when the gavel of the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives fell simultaneously for the final adjournment of the 1911 session of the North Carolina General Assembly, this having been the sixty-fourth day of the session, four days more than the Constitution of the State would allow the members pay for. This adjournment followed the ratification of the final batch of acts and resolutions passed by the Assembly, there having been passed and duly ratified during the session 1,450 acts and 55 resolutions. Compared with this work for the session just adjourned, it is interesting to note that the 1909 session passed and ratified 1,216 bills and 56 resolutions.

In discussing the work of the General Assembly, Speaker Dowd said this afternoon that this General Assembly has fully justified the confidence placed in it at the beginning of the session that this was one of the very ablest and best Legislatures the State has ever had. He added that the people of the State are interested in the work of the Legislature and that they are well congratulated on the legislative conditions at the close of this session of the General Assembly.

Lieutenant-Governor Newlands, presiding officer of the Senate, concurred in the estimate of the outcome of the legislative session just closed.

Enlargement of Taxation. It is a notable fact that the new machinery act for the application of the revenue act of the Legislature just adjourned adds \$500 per year each to

the salaries of the members of the Corporation Commission on account of increased duties that the machinery bill requires of them, as a State tax commission. These duties include the appointment in April of each year of a county tax assessor in each county, personal visits by the part of members of the commission to each county to assist in instructing the assessor and the township assessors in the townships and counties of the assessment work of the State over, including equalization of the standards of property valuations in the respective counties. This is the most decided change that the Legislature made in the taxing system, and was a departure from the policy which insisted on a separate State tax commission for immediate radical steps in this regard in the counties.

This is the year for general reassessment of real estate in North Carolina, and the Legislature of this year has especially high standards of valuation for taxes to raise them materially.

Application came to the Secretary of State to-day for a charter for the Greensboro Daily News Company, of Greensboro. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Men's 50c Fleeced Lined Underwear sale price 37c

Application came to the Secretary of State to-day for a charter for the Greensboro Daily News Company, of Greensboro. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

GOGORZA GIVEN WONDERFUL KISS Eames Falls Into His Arms as He Alights From Train. NOBILITY SEES EMBRACE Famous Singer Oblivious to Throwing as Their Lips Meet.

London, March 8.—A tall and beautiful woman, hurrying through the Euston Station and out to the platform, halted an hour before the Lustrania special from Liverpool was due. She was intensely agitated, but the agitation was that of expectation joy. She paced up and down the platform. At times her face lighted up with an anticipatory smile.

For a time another woman, evidently her companion, tried to keep pace with her march; but the pace was prohibitory, and she stopped, breathless, contenting herself with a word or two every time the happy beauty went by.

By the time the train with the Lustrania's passengers from America pulled into the station the crowd had become interested in the mysterious happiness of the woman, whose dramatic mannerisms led to the belief that she was more than a star—perhaps a planet—of the stage. And this surmise was true, for the woman was Mme. Emma Eames.

The few who recognized her spread the news, and soon the station was in especially low standards of valuation for taxes to raise them materially.

Application came to the Secretary of State to-day for a charter for the Greensboro Daily News Company, of Greensboro. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

Suddenly the diva, who was now the focal point of every eye, as if she had been under a spotlight, uttered a cry—not a little, foolish, insignificant cry—but a real, willing, musical, grand opera cry, guaranteed to carry to the farthest reaches of the gallery.

A tall handsome man had just stepped to the platform from one of the coaches. It was Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone. That cry was for him. They flew at each other. His baggage moved near to the edge of the platform. Her dramatic and expressive hands sought each other in a clasp of emotional suspense. The passengers were setting out of the coaches and being swallowed up by little groups of welcoming friends.

It's Your Fault If You Don't Get Yours Here Are Three Propositions: Can You Wear Any of These Sizes? 8, 8 1/2, 9 or 10. They are \$6.00 Shoes. Patent, vici and dull. Well made. Good stock. New shoes. This week, a pair \$2.95 High-Class Edwin Clapp Men's Shoes \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00 regular prices. No better shoes made in this country. All leathers. All sizes. This week, a pair \$4.95 A First-Class \$5.00 Men's Shoe One of the best makes on the market. Always sold at \$5.00, and a real bargain at that. All leathers. All sizes. This week, a pair \$2.95 Seymour Sycle, 11 WEST BROAD

Butter Beans A real delicate, small, tender, fine garden flavor. 13c can. Hermann Schmidt Monroe 101. 504 East Broad Street.

CHICKERING PIANOS. Oldest in America. Best in the World. Crandall Piano Co. Fifth and Grace Streets.

Heaters at 20% Discount Jones Brothers & Co., 1418 East Main Street

Factory Clearance Sale NOW ON Rountree Trunk Store, 703 East Broad

Sutherland & Cherry Special—Odds and ends in Furniture, Iron Beds, Mattings, Stoves, etc. Cheap to close them out. 810 EAST BROAD.

"LUCCA OLIVE OIL" IN EVERY PANTRY WHERE PURITY PREVAILS. CHASIE TRAFIERI, Importer Mad. 4220. 500 West Main St.

"GREEN CASTLE" Kitchen Cabinets will lessen kitchen labor. Try one. Sold by Rothert & Co., Fourth and Broad.

Steadfast Shoe 5 AND 6 Good as the Name. Virginia Made WILTSHIRE'S 1009 E. Main St.

Electrical Shoe Shine 5c A T. GRAY CIGAR COMPANY'S STORE, 836 E. Main Street.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE New Method Gas Ranges Pettit & Co.'s

Jurgens Special midwinter prices for reupholstering parlor suites. You can pay us in weekly or monthly installments.

THE GREATEST results in cases of weak digestion are obtained from SCOTT'S EMULSION because when ordinary foods do not digest, it provides the needed nourishment in highly concentrated form. Scott's Emulsion is so easily digested that its strength is rapidly absorbed by the youngest babe or most delicate adult. SCOTT'S EMULSION is the food that strengthens the race. ALL DRUGGISTS

Friends or relatives—let them see just how you look to-day. Send them a photograph of yourself or family, and send them the best photograph obtainable. You'll find them at Foster's for Photographs all the time. 11